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THE GOLDEN AGE FROM THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL, &c.

K. Virgilius Maro (P.)

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THE

Golden Age

From the Fourth *Eclog* of *Virgil*, &c.

Sicilian Muſe, thy Voice and Subject raiſe,
All are not pleas'd with Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays,
Or if we Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays prepare,
Let 'em be ſuch as ſuit a Conſul's Year.

Now *Merlin*'s Prophecies are made compleat,
And *Lilly*'s beſt Events with Credit meet,
Now Baniſh'd Juſtice takes its Rightful Place,
And *Saturn*'s Days return with *Stuarts*'s Race.
With its own Luſtre now the Church appears,
As one Year makes Amends for fourteen Years,
And Joys ſucceed our Sighs and Hopes ſucceed our Fears.

O Goddeſs, *Genius* of this Favourite Iſle,
On thy own Work, this Revolution ſmile,
Salute the Pleaſure that come Rolling on,
And Greet the Wonders Heav'n, and Thou haſt done,

Worthy the Glorious Change inſpire our Strains,
Now thy own *Anna* Rules, in Her own Kingdom Reigns.

And thou, O *Daſhwood*, by peculiar Care,
Reſerv'd 'till now to fill *Auguſta's* Chair,
Behold the Mighty Months Progreſſive Shine!
See 'em begin their Golden Race in Thine!
Under thy Conſulſhip, Lo! Vice gives way,
And *Whigs* for Ever ceaſe to come again in Play.

The Life of Gods the Monarch ſhall partake,
Belov'd by Gods and Men for Virtues Sake,
As She from Heroes ſprung brave Acts prefers,
And Heroes Copy out their Fame from Hers,
As Kingdoms Rights She with her own maintains,
And where her Injur'd Father Govern'd, Reigns.

Hail, Sacred Queen! Thy very Enemies own
Thy Lawful Claim, and Recognize thy Throne;
Diſſembling Stateſmen ſhall before thee ſtand,
And *H*——— be firſt will Kiſs thy Hand;
S——— ſhall change his Temper with his Fate,
And promiſe Duty where he vow'd his Hate,
Seeming for paſt Offences to Attone,
By Complementing Claims he would Poſtpone;
Had one but Liv'd, that rais'd him, to his Shame,
To let him Pack the Cards, and Win the Game.

W——— Shall to St. *James*'s Houſe reſort,
And leave his Maſter's Corps to make his Court,
S——— quit the Practice of his Place,
Leave cutting Timber down in *E*——*d* Ch--ſe,
To ſeek for Favour, and prevail for Grace.

Old *R*——— ſhall thy Acceſſion Sing,
Hoping to ſerve Thee as he ſerv'd the King;
To keep his Grid-iron while he keeps his Life,
And Build freſh Manſion-Houſes for his Wife.

Lyons with Lambs United ſhall agree,
And Lambs like Lyons, Lyons Lambs ſhall be,
And *S*——— with *S*——— Hail and bow the Knee.
K———— ſhall drop his Convocation Spleen,
And *Att*———*y* quarrels with the Dean,
To join in our Allegiance with the Queen.
The Church-men and Diſſenters ſhall combine
To Pay the Tribute due to *Stuart*'s Line,
As Presbyters with B——ps ſhall comply,
And B——ps ſhall fling out what Presbyters deny;
Like *L*—'s Watermen, whoſe Tempers ſhew,
That look one way while they another Row.

Yet ſhall ſome Footſteps of old Fraud remain,
And Ills be practic'd in thy Golden Reign,
M—*en* at Sea ſhall in his Duty fail,
And *Wade* and Daſtard *Kirkby* turn their Tail.

H——— at Land his Country ſhall abuſe,
And *B*——— by Plund'ring Conqueſt, loſe,
While *Britiſh* Troops with *Ormond* at their Head,
Shall meet with Conqueſt who from Conqueſt Fled,
And *Marlborough* of *William*'s Poſt Poſſeſs'd,
Reducing *Liege*, ſhall *France* it ſelf Inveſt.

S———'s huge P——te ſhall before thee Preach,
And his dead Lord to flatter thee, Impeach;
Old dreaming *W*——— once the Church's Pride,
Shall quit her Intereſt for another ſide,
Brow-beat his Clergy, and a Chief defame,
Spotleſs as is the Blood from whence he came,
And though a Priſoner made in dubious times,
Shall now deſerve the *T*----*r* for real Crimes.

'Midſt *Lords* and *Commons* ſhall Diſputes ariſe,
And one diſwade what t'other ſhall adviſe.
Proud *Adriatick O*— ſhall be known
To ſink the Nation's Money for his own,
And fix the Courtiers *Thefts* upon the *Throne*.
Funds ſhall, as if no Funds there were, appear,
Millions be giv'n the Kingdoms Debts to Clear,
Yet ſhall we Owe the Millions that we gave,
And Pay for what we had not Wit to ſave,
Unleſs ſome Moths that Fret the thread bare State,
Prevent our Ruin by their timely Fate,
Unleſs a *P*— more often *A*---*ts* keeps,
And gives the Queen the Crop which now he Reaps.

But

But when confirm'd in Arts of Empire grown,
Thou ſeeſt thy Reign Mature, and Fix'd thy *Throne*,
Both Land and Sea thy Soveraign Power ſhall own.
Fearleſs of loſs, and confident of Gain,
The Merchant ſhall in Safety Plough the Main,
The lab'ring Hind, ſhall cleave the Country Soil,
And Plenty riſe and Court the Farmer's Toil.
As every Subject ſees his Wrongs Redreſs'd,
Views Faction quell'd, and Anarchy Suppreſs'd,
And Prince and People Mutually Bleſs'd.

Such be thy Reign, the Fatal Siſters Cry,
And ſuch Britannia's *Future Deſtiny*.

Ariſe Auſpicious Queen! the *Times* are come,
When *France* ſhall from thy Mouth expect her doom;
When Providence ſhall labour in thy Cauſe,
And trembling *Spain* acknowledge *Engliſh Laws*,
Ariſe thou Bright Inſpirer of my Song,
And Vindicate the Blood from whence thou'rt ſprung.

See the conſenting World adore thy Fame!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confeſs the Juſtice of thy Claim!
See us for *Thee* our Vows and Prayers Employ,
And Coming *Ages* Smile in Hopes of Coming Joy.

Oh! that this *Life* of mine ſo long would laſt,
As I might Sing, thy future deeds and paſt,
As on thy Riſing Glories I might dwell,
And I in Verſe, as thou in Fame Excel!

Not thy own Fate though with thy Lawrels Crown'd,
Should touch a ſweeter Pipe, or give a ſweeter Sound:
Not Favourite R—, though *I----y* took his Part,
Should boaſt more Judgment, or reveal more Art,
Not *C——ve* ſtock'd with all his Patron's Praiſe,
Produce a Zeal like M ne, or equal Lays,
Though *C——* *H——* his Friend ſhould be,
C——ve, if *H——* were Judge ſhould yield to me.

Begin Great Queen, the *Stuart*'s Steps to tread,
And let thy *Living* Worth Exceed the *Dead*,
Happieſt of Princes in this Climate Born,
Entirely *Engliſh*, above thy Enemies Scorn,
Thou ne'r wer'ſt dandled on an *A---s* Knee,
Nor *H——r* ſtood Godfather for thee,
But ſprung directly from the *Britiſh* Strain,
Where thou firſt drew'ſt thy Breath, doſt there commence
(thy Reign.

FINIS.

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